## AN AMERICAN GIRL.

DR. JENNIE TAYLOR IN LOVE WITH THE CLIMATE AND SCENERY.

Pulling Teeth and Setting Bones in Tropt-Calico Suit for a Preacher, a d Eajoya Life as Uniy an American Giri Can,

Dr. Jennie Taylor, a vivacious young woman and a niece of William Taylor, Bishop of the Methodist Church, is demonstrating n a quiet way what an American girl of of Africa. Miss Taylor, or "Dr. Jennie." as her friends know her, has had every educational advantage, is a physician and surgeon, and a full-fledged dentist besides, but prefers occasionally to fill teeth for barbarous African Kings, steer steamboats up the Congo, or teach the little naked natives of that land rather than enjoy the easy life of the stay-at-home girl. She is now to act as Bishop Taylor's scretary and companion, visiting widely separated mission stations, where frequently a walk of a hundred miles, more or less to considered a mere pleasure jaunt.

A story illustrating Dr. Jennie's tact in an emergency is told on the west coast of Africa. In company with Bishop Taylor and a Captain of one o, the coast ships, she was invited to an official dinner given in their honor by the Governor of the island of St. Thomas. Dr. Jeanie sat between the Governor and the Captain. and the latter, in a whisper, called her attention to the wine glasses and informed her that would be a bad breach of etiquette if she Thanking him for his suggestion, Dr. Jennie turned to the Governor and said:

"I beg your pardon, your Excellency, but will it be just the same to you if the Captain does my drinking?" "Certainly," said the Governor; and the Cap-

tain disposed of the wine.
Dr. Jennie has told in her letters home what she thinks of Africa and its peoples. She wrote from Liberia:

"We landed at Monrovia, where I had my first experience with a surf boat. It was tame compared to what I had expected. I naw them land at other places-the water dashes against the shore and makes a heavy spray. The rowers work hard and fast, and when they get in the midst of the surf a Kruman picks the passenger up in his arms and carries her to dry land.

We had some nice breakers to pass through, but there is a harbor or landing place at Mon-

"We had some nice breakers to pass through, but there is a harbor or landing place at Monrovia, so that I only had to step up on the plank. From the boat we saw the Methodist Church and Monrovia Seminary, standing near together on a hill.

Thus far Africa has gone away beyond my expectation. I am delighted with everything. I think I struck the best first, for Liberia is more like the United States than any place on the continent. The Africans who come from the United States than any place on the continent. The Africans all have the American customs. I am sitting in a rocking chair. I did not see such an article of furniture all the time I was in England, and we visited well-to-do and wealthy families. Cows, sheep, goats, dogs, cats, &c., make it hard to realize that I have travelled over 0,000 miles since I left my native State. Almost the first plant I saw was the lantana, growing wild. Though I dislike the odor it seems sweet to me here in Africa. At the seminary were zenias, 4 o'clocks, and roses. Morning glories grow wild.

"The scenery along the St. Paul River, on the way to Caidwell, was beautiful beyond description; 'paim trees of famous grace,' are abundant along the shore, or, at least, on one side—on the other were mangrove trees. They grow in the water, something like a hanyan, the branches sending down "roots, which in turn grow to trees." "Caidwell is the oldest town on the river, and "Caidwell is the oldest town on the river, and

grow to trees.

"Caldwell is the oldest town on the river, and consequently is rather set in her ways. The houses are not so nearly modern as those in Monrovia. There are no glass windows, and many of the houses have the stairway leading to the second story on the outside. The cook-Monrovia. There are no glass windows, and many of the houses have the stairway leading to the second story on the outside. The cooking is primitive. hey have a variety on the table, but only cook one thing at a time, so that the last dish brought on is the only warm one. "My first meal of native food was of cassada (explorers usually write it cassava), the native substitute for bread, which tastes a little like raw cornstarch and looks something like an underdone white potato, only whiter. I also had fried plantain, a large banana with a slightly sour taste. For dessert I had a mango, which is slightly acid and tastes a little like an apricot. I like Liberia, and there is so much work to do—medical, surgical, dental, educational, &c.—but I have promised to go to Angola, and I may find as great need there."

Dr. Jennie does not describe an incident of her stay in Liberia which is worth telling. A woman was taken with the "sleeping sickness." This strange malady is not uncommon on the west coast of Africa. It manifests itself by an increased desire in the patient for alumber. It is entirely a drowsy affection, and one afflicted with it simply sleeps more and more each day, until finally she wakes no more in this world. This Liberian woman had gone like all the rest. The woman was decently buried, but a day or two later Dr. Jennie Taylor and a native physician quiety had the body exhumed one night in the increases of medical science and made a thorough examination. No science and made a thorough examination. No trace of the mysterious disease could be found, except that the heart seemed slightly affected. except that the heart seemed slightly affected.
The young woman wrote from Netombi, near
Banana, the port at the mouth of the Congo:
"We are in a corrugated from house—the
roof and walls are made of fron. Try to imagine how it would be to live under a big tin
cup and you will have some idea how the sound
is transmitted through this material. The
gentlest rain seems as thou, h it were coming
in torrents: every bug striking the walls, every
litard crawling up the sides sounds like a troop.
"There are blenty of lizards around. As
they are harmless, and many of them beautiful. I enjoy watching them. One has a lemoncolored head and black body, which makes him
very conspicuous. The chameleons are even
more attractive. They are all straid of me,
and run until a safe distance is reached, then
stop and look round and stand for several
minutes, evidently making a careful study of
me. There was but one white woman in Bamana. She made my stay very pleasant."
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of Angola, whereshe wrote from Malange:
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Dr. Jennie went to the Portuguese colony of Angola, whereshe wrote from Malange:

"Yesterday we finished the 150-mile trip into the interior. They say I am the first white woman who has walked the 150 miles from Dondo to Malange. We had a hammock, awung on a big pole, with us, but I only used it for crossing the streams. I have had most excellent health all the way."

But this enterprising young woman did not always walk while in Angola. Cable cars and elevated roads have not struck that part of the world as yet, and Dr. Jennie found a buil the best means of conveyance. He had hever seen a white woman before, and Dr. Jennie was advised not to mount thin, but she did so, in going down a nill her saddle turned, and the bull sprang forward in fright, while she was thrown to the ground.

Before she could rise, the beast, enraged, had charged upon her with his powerful horns, but instead of pinioning her he struck her body, and with a horn on either side of her she grasped him by the nose and nostril rope and soon had subdued him. "Uncle Sam," a native, who had rushed to her rescue, cautioned her not to try to mount the buil sagain, but she would not let even an African buil take a mean advantage of her; so she mounted him and soon taught him better manners.

Dr. Jennie's further account of her long lourney in Angola ripples with the exuberant sailoyment of youth and a keen appreciation of the novelty of her surroundings. She writes:

"We left Dondo on the 16th and reached Nhangue Pepo on the 19th. I cannot tell how much I enjoyed the trip—it was more like grosy life than anything I ve ever had. The first day we walked eight miles before breakfast the early morning meal is called tea, the noon meal breakfast, while 'dinner' is the evening repast), then sat down under a large tree and walted for the cook to prepare the meal: needless to say I had a tremendous appetite. In the afternoon we walked four miles fu ther and stopped for the night. Our lodging place was a 'cusrtel' house, put uno by the Government for the ac

lodging place was a 'cuartel' house, put up by
the Government for the accommodation of
travellers. The walls were of mud, the roof
of paim leaves.

The monday stop always proved very intersating. There are certain places called caravansaries where the carriers stop to eat and rest.
It is often merely one large tree with the grass
worn off around it; sometimes it is a group of
trees. We stop at the caravansary for breakfast, and while our little native boy bakes the
bananas and prepares the cocos. I squat on a
native mat and study the groups around me.
They never lose their interest for me. Four or
five prepare a meal among them; they boil
water and take it off the fire, and then stir into
it the flour made from mandioca (or cassada, as
they call it in Liberia). It is than ready for
eating. They have meantime made a little
gravy from fish and meat. Then they gathe
gravy from fish and meat. Then they gathe
found the pot and help themselves. The
found (funy it is called after it is cooked) is
like a stiff mush, and they take a bit in the
flugers, roll it into a bail, dip it in the gravy, put
it into the mouth, and away it goes without
chewing.

"After 'chop' is finished they rinse the mouth

It into the mouth, and away it goes without chewing.

"After 'chop' is finished they rinse the mouth and sometimes brush the teeth, sometimes with the forefineer, sometimes with a brush made of a stick of hard wood chewed into brush at one end. A two days' march brings us to Quionga, where we have arranged to dismiss our carriers. They are good natured, obliging fellows: I am sorry to see them leave, they have been so good to the 'Senhora.'

The climate is deli-hiful; both mornings and afternoons we have the gentle zephyrs, so that it is not tresome walking.

"We keep along in the highway, which is merily a footpath often leading through tall grass, eight or ten feet high, up hill and down hill, through pleasant groves and green pas-

tures, now brown and sere with nearly two months' rathless weather, and sometimes through sand almost over the shoes. The natives are burning the dry grass. Little shoots epring up from around the roots of that which has been burned, and thut the cattle are nour-ished through the dry season. It is pleasant as we walk along to hear the crackling of the fire; at times we had it on both sides.

On this journey Dr. Jennis showed how varied her talents are by making a suit of clothes for a parson. He cams from the heathen ranks into the home training school of one of the missions, and developed into a teacher and preacher among his people. A vacancy occurring in the pastorate at one of the interior stations, he received the appointment. But he had no ministerial suit—in fact, had never worn a suit in his life! An appeal was made to Dr. Jennie, who consented to attempt the tailoring. The only cloth in the town was a very bright piece of calico. This was made available, however, and the preacher had the satisfaction of knowing that he had the best suit of clothes among his people, as the rest of them wore note at all.

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From Malange Dr. Jennie writes:

"This is a delightful place. It is always cool enough to require several blankets at night. We go riding in the evening after dinner and have merry times; the animals are so headstrong (literally) and like to have their own way, which makes it gay for us if we choose another way. It is always amusing to see a pair of great, long, branching horns swinging low in front of me. Oranges and bananas are very plentiful here.

"There was a funeral near Malange not long ago. A chief was buried. Before dying he gave instructions about his funeral. The people were to bury him with three living children, their arms and legs being first broken. The grave was I shaped, and a line was drawn near it. The children crowded around in their curiosity to see the big chier, and the gravetigger had orders to catch the first one who stepped over the line. Imagine his feelings when he saw his own child rush up to the grave. He begged them to spare his child, but they would not consent until he had offered a big ransom.

"Our walk to Malange was greatly enlivened by stories of native customs. As we were passing through a wood our guide said: "This is

Iered a oig ransom.

"Our walk to Malange was greatly enlivened by stories of native customs. As we were passing through a wood our guide said: "This is where the tribe from across the river get their adornments for the feast. When a chief dies they install a new one with great ceremony. They have a feast which must be adorned with human fracts. The committee on heads come over here and lie in wait to kill the stragglers passing by." White people are sais almost anywhere, but wee bettee the poor negro who happens to be impretected. I have some dear little companions in my room in the shape of white ants. Their bodies are very soft, so that they are in great danger of being eaten by other in sects. Having no means of self-defence, they build tunnels of clay, and through these pass in safety whither they choose to go. They eat the inside of anything, such as a table leg or beam of a house, and leave a mere shell shat faus to pieces when you touch it. I went to put on my shoes a tew days ago—one of them stood against the wail—and as I tried to lift it stuck fast. With a little effort I got it loose, to find the ants had built tunnels up and eaten the half of one side off, leaving only the cloth liming."

Writing from N'hangue Pepo on the night before Caristmas, she says:

"It is now our summer time (rainy season).

liming."
Writing from N'hangue Pepo on the night before Caristmas, she says:
"It is now our summer time (rainy season). That term hasn't the meaning for me it once had, I was so ignorant as to magnee there was an almost continuous drizzle at this season. But instead of that we have a hard shower lasting from fitteen minutes to a half hour, or at most an hour or two. Then it clears up, and we have the bright sunnight again. We seldom have more than one shower a day. Sometimes for a week or two the rains come in the hight, so that the days are bright and clear. Ine season is delightful, I think, and I have never yet suffered from the heat as I have done in Pennsylvania during the suitry days of July and August. We get invigorating rest at night, because it is always so cool. I have not yet slept without blankets.

"But the climate is considered insalubrious, and I have seen so many foreigners dragging

and I have seen so many foreigners draggin around with the lever I would be very slov about a-king any of my friends to risk it, unles

around with the lever I would be very slow about asking any of my friends to risk it, unless they teel they have a special work to do here. "The manner of fife among the foreigners I know here is such that I do not wonder at the mortaity. Imagine a hearty meal of eight or nihe courses at 7 or 7:30 P. M., always with plenty of wine, then retirring at II or madnight. I ney have no meat until II A. M. or noon next day—then not until evening again." Writing from Vivi, at the head of navigation on the lower Congo, she says:

"Wo spent the Sabbath on board the Annie Gaylor, just opposite Quissanga. It was a pleasant day for me, especially toward evening; I lay in the easy chair on, the steamer's, deck and watched the su... go down. It was a magnificent sight, such as you poor 'shut-ins' never get. The wide, wide river is as smooth as glass at this place. The beautiful hims seem to approach each other in the distance, until they allow but a narrow passageway for the mighty flow of waters and traine over this king of rivers, while in the gap between the hills was the god of day.' As I watched the clouds and river and hills I thought of the rolks at home and wished they could enjoy the scene. I am fairly bewitched by this Airican climate and scenery."

THEFT IN CLUBS.

Plenty of Opportunity and Plenty to Take

There are few clubs in town where so much Persian apparatus as was recently stolen from the Calumet Club could be picked up by a thief Perhaps, however, every club in town suffers from theft. Servants change so rapidly that it is impossible for a club to be manned with persons of tried honesty. It would hardly be surprising should the police unearth a con-piracy among young hoodiums to obtain places lubs for the nurpose of robbery. The thing could easily be managed, and it might go on for

a long while without suspicion.

There are clubs in town where any valuable article left negligently disappears, never again to be seen by the owner. It is not long since a pocks book belonging to a guest thus disap-peared from a club cafe, having been left only few minutes. Knives, gold pens, pencils, and other such trifles go in the same fashion. A new hallboy disappeared from a club some months since with a large part of the ward-

A new hallboy disappeared from a club some months since with a large part of the wardrobe of many iodgers. Match boxes and other small articles belonging to the club are carried off in like fashion.

Every club is regularly robbed of its stationery. Servants surreptitiously write letters on the club paper and carry off batches of it for use at leisure. Perhaps every club has a few mombers who carry off the club stationery, it is easy to guess the argument by which they jugiffy it. If one may write as many letters on club paper at the club, why not elsewhere? Men who are nice about these matters buy some of the club paper for such letters as they wish to write at home and from the club.

Books and periodicals are stolen from every club in town. There is small doubt that there are a few guilty members, but most of such stealing is doubtless done by servants. Everything of the sort has a salable value, and perhaps the fact that a single volume from a set often disappears merely goes to prove that the thief is ignorant of the fact that volumes complete in themselves are better worth stealing.

A club which, like the Calumet, has lodgers, transient and permanent, is especially subject to piunder at the hands of servants. All sorts of strangers also have tusiness in such a club, and, although the rules forbid them to penetrate beyond the lobby, such rules are not always intelligently enforced. It would be an easy matter for a thief of good address to gain admittance to the private apartments of almost any club in town. Two street urchins were found sopping their heads and combing their hair in the tollet room of a club. They had brought home a member's clothes from the laundry, and, seeing the tollet room open, had gone in to have the luxury of a bath in the basins. They might as easily have penetrated to any room in the house. Many New York clubs are almost described during busiess hours, and the opportunity for theft is excellent.

## TABULES

Miss Laura Lowery, of Holton, La., writes, November 2, 1895, concerning Ripans Tabules: " My cousin, Angelina Lowery, living in Amite City, first told me of them. I sent by Mr. Cox to New Orleans and got a box and commenced taking them. I had indigestion and dyspepsia, the doctors said, but I do not know what was the matter. I only know that I suffered almost death, especially when at a delicate period my bowels were bad and I had such pains in my back of a morning I could hardly get out of bed. When I had taken the Tabules for two weeks, as directed, I can say with pleasure that I was a new person. These are facts, as my friends can say the same." Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail, if the price 550 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

LOVE IN EARLY EBENEZER. RULES OF THE INSPIRATIONIST

Stricter Discipline for the Young at the Settlement Near Buffulo Than at the Community at Amana - Marriage Discouraged and Boys and Girls Kopt Apart. BUFFALO, Jan. 25 .- The story in a recent asue of THE SUN of the community of Inspira tionists at Amana, Ia., interested many of the elderly inhabitants of this city, who remember the days when, as the chronicle runs. "the peo-ple of the True Inspiration congregations did set their habitation in a plain nigh unto the Rabylonish city of Buffalo; and they did call the name of the place where they did establish

themselves Eben-ezer-'the stone of help'-and it is known by that name to this day." The modern inhabitant of the Babylonish city naturally thinks that all genuine inspiration suggests Buffalo to the inquiring emigrant, but fifty-three years ago the city had only 25,000 inhabitants, whose Babyionish proclivi ties were restricted to luring the girls out "to dance by the light of the moon." It was just such frivolity that the Inspirationists most carefully shunned, and perhaps they would never have settled near Buffalo if the late Philip Dorsheimer had not earnestly advised them to do so. The three villages of Upper Lower, and Middle Ebenezer were established about eight miles from the town, and perhaps the elders of the community thought that they were sufficiently immured from the outside worldliness not to be contaminated by it, while they were alert to detect and discountenance

any native outcropping of the old Adam within

The manner and regulations of living in Amana are evidently similar to those which were peculiar to Ebenezer, but THE SUN corre-Amana community indicates that the social life of the young folks of the Iowa settlements is far less dreary than was that of the former mind that the Ebenezer settlement was the first experiment of the Inspirationists in communism. The leaders of the migration had not contemplated forming a community when they came out to America. But as families arrived one after another, it was found that some had been used to working in factories and were not fitted for agriculture, wherefore it was determined to build workshops for them; and to necessary to make a general contribution of So the elders were conveniently directed at that time, by inspiration, to put all their goods together and to live in community, and they soon saw that they could not have

kept together on any other plan. So, having a brand new theory to work out, perhaps the Inspirationists of Ebenezer were more hard and fast and severe in their disciplinary rules than those of Amana are, just as parents are more inclined to strict measures with a first child than with the fortunates that come after. However this may, it is certain that youth and love in Ebenezer had a hard time. The eighteenth of their "Twenty-one Rules womankind as much as possible, as a very highly dangerous magnet and magical fire."

The greatest vigilance was exercised to prevent the young men from burning themselves in this fascinating magical fire. In the common eating houses, where all the villagers assembled three times a day, were three tables, one for the men, another for the women, and still another for the young children. This arrangement was ordered to prevent "frivolous conversation and trifling conduct." At the religious meetings the men and women always sat on opposite sides of the house, and when the service was ended the latter passed out first and hurried home. The wretched men waited until the magical fire was safely housed, when they ventured into the roads and paths to plod corapanionless their several ways. Even the boys and girls were not permitted to

be together. Between the ages of 6 and 13, while they went to school, they were kept as carefully apart as though there would be a rushing together and a combustion of that mis-chievous magical fire if they got within speech of one another. As they grew older they were permitted to have one diversion—to walk in the fields on Sunday afternoons. But even then it was required that the girls should set off in one direction and the youths in the opposite.

And lest, even across the space of a ten-acre lot, a far-sighted youth might discern some exposed charm, the girls were appareled with a view to making them as unattractive as possible. Such of the girls as had a vain hankering for fine dress, or only wished for a chance to show what nature had done for them, had to hide those desires in their hearts. They were compelled to wear dingy califor gowns of the society's make, cut severely plain. All, even the little girls, wore their hair in black cloth cowls covering the back of the head and tied under the chin, and had a small dark kerchief or shawl over the shoulders, pinned across the of one another. As they grew older they were

under the chin, and had a small dark kerchief or shawl over the shoulders, pinned across the breast. Thus, even if they possessed any physical charms, the garb concealed them. Thisbe, will and boits and burs and keen vigilance and stern commands of antiquated blockhesals have never succeeded in keeping lovers apart, and somehow or other even under the argus eyes of the thirteen elders and the other stern members of the community, the young men and maidens in Ebenezer would persist in falling desperately in love, and insist on getting marriar, and the step of the community, the young men and maidens in Ebenezer and these step of the st

they held proportionately, and, where purchases had been made for cash, refunding the proportionate amount of the purchase money.

One of these villages of the former consmunity of the Inspirationists, Middle Ebenezer, on Buffalo Creek, is now called Gardenville. Upper Ebenezer, without change of name, lies half a mile to the cast on the same stream, while Lower Ebenezer, which was the principal settlement, lies about a mile to the couth, near Casenovia Creek, and is now known simply as Ebenezer. The buildings in this village which were the homes of the Inspirationists still stand in good repair. They are very piain, and all the doors are latched with the German brass handles. Ebenezer is a dreary village, and ons feels as he walks through the main street that the ghosts of the Inspirationists still haunt the place. On either hand there is lonely quiet. In winter there is nothing to attract the eye, but in late spring old-fashioned flowers bloom in the tangled gardens, the air is thick with the perfume of lilace and apple blossoms. On the main street is the long, plain church building, once used by the inspired people, now crowned with a sacrifegious steeple. The human beings of whom you catch an occasional glimpse survey you with as much surprise as if you had just dropped out of the sky.

Away over the treetops which skirt the scene on the northwest stretches a low black haze which now and then lifts just sufficiently to disclose the dim outlines of some huge elevator or some tail chimney belching out amoke. Then the pail settles down again and hides the great city—the city which beckoned and enticed the youths and maids of Ebenezer to forsake the peace and plenty and stern holiness of the village community for the bitter fight for bread and fame; for the liberty to follow their bent; for the temptations to worldiness and wickedness that lay hid behind that shroud of black.

The Disaster that Overtook an Improvised

"I was managing a comic opera company about two years ago," said a theatrical manager, "and when we struck New Orleans about dozen of the chorus girls skipped out. They salaries, and all that nonsense, but we had no idea that they were serious in their threats and we were completely taken aback when they cleared out. We were seriously inconvenienced, too, because we expected good business in New Orleans, and were anxious to make a good impression and get a return date.
"Napey Lothian was our stage manager, and.

being responsible for the chorus, found himself in a serious quandary when the girls decamped. Nothing daunted, however, he started men out to hunt in all directions for new girls. It didn't matter who or what they were, he said, and good voices, good figures pretty faces, and ability to act were all seondary considerations. So long as they were

girls they would do, he said.

"Well, gradually we got together a half dozen girls, and were wishing we had just one more to fill out the front line when Paul West. our advance man, came in with the homellest woman I ever laid my eyes on. One of her eyes was half closed, and the other had a vacant stare in it, which suggested glass. This we afterward found to be the case. Her hair was as straight as wire, and her hands as hig as hams. In addition to all this she walked with slight limp, but we scarcely noticed this in summing up her other bad qualities. When we tried her voice we found she tooted like steamboat whistle, but it was when we got her in tights that the biggest surprise came. Her right leg was as symmetrical as any I ever saw, and the foot and ankle were the daintiest imaginable. The left leg, however. was a sight. The knee joint stuck out two inches from the rest of the leg, and the calf was full of knots. She was flat-footed besides, and as I looked at her I thought I had never seen such a curious combination in my She was our only chance, however, so after drilling her for a time we told her to come around that night in time for the show. "West then told me that he had scoured the

town for women without meeting with any luck, and as a last resort had, at the suggestion of a booking agent in town, go.e to the Old Ladies' Home on the outskirts of the city, where, he understood, there were several decrepit actresses living. The one he brought back, he said, was the best of the lot.

"That night our antique acquisition came around early and slid into her costume before the other girls arrived. Under the direction of Lothian, she went through the marches once more, and then for the first time we remarked the limp. It was very slight, but still perceptible. However, when Lothian asked her about it, she said she had hurt her foot and wanted to caseft a bit. On the stage she would be careful not to limp, she said. Made up with rouged cheeks and darkened eye brows she didn't look so terrible, and we felt that we hadn't done so badly, after all. Lothian told her to keep in the back line, and she said she would, and then the chorus mea began buckling the armor on the girls.

"Now, this armor was quite heavy, and the girls had always kicked about it, but it was alsolutely necessary. During rehear-als we never used it, and our recruit from the Old Ladies' Home didn't know anything about it until a chorus man came around to buckle two great heavy plates on her. She murluck, and as a last resort had, at the sugges-

had scarcely gotten it in place when the orchestra struck up the opening march, and the
chorus started to march out.

"Then to our utter amazement we saw our
newcomer at the head of the line, limping like
a man whose right leg was a full six inches
shorter than his left. All the while she was
smiling coquettishly at the audience, and as we
looked at her we turned pale. The audience
began to howl at her, and Lothian gasped:

"Isn't there any way to get her off?

"Here, yank her off with this, cried West,
and he handed out a long property Doat hook,
which was kept for use in marine scenes.

"For two minutes Lothian and West fished
for that girl, and finally they got a grip with
the hook under her armor and gave a yank
which brought her into the wings head first.
The suddenness of the whole thing rattled the
rest of the chorus, but Lothian, shouting orders
from the wings, got them in order again, while
West picked up the girl. He tried to set her
on her feet, but she couldn't stand up at all,
and then we noticed that that shapely right
leg hung limp and loose in her tights.

"We've broken her leg! gasped West.

"Nothing of the kind, you idlot! roared the
g'rl, as soon as her anger would let her speak,
You've gone and burst the straps, and you'il
pay for new ones; do you hear?

"Then the truth dawned upon us for the first
time. It was a cork leg, and when we realized
it we hurst into laughter. As long as the armor
was off the girl walked all right, but weighted
with the armor strapped tightly about the hips,
she couldn't manage herself. We sent her
back to the home in a cab, and after the show
West squared himself by buying wine for the
company."

The Unique Vandal Who Has Come to the

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Unique Vandai Who Has Come to the Front in the Wickedest City.

Front in the Wickedest City.

Front the Chicago Inter-Owan.

Something new in the archismd line has come to the notice of the Deering street police, who are now scouring the woods in search of the vandal who, for a week past, has been circulating through the neighborhood armed with a pair of tinners' shears and amputating the tails of tax payers' dags.

Mongrels, pupples, whelps, and bounds, blooded dogs and curs of low degree, all fare alike when "Jack the Dog-tail Cutter" sallies forth with his shears.

At first the good citizens whose dogs had been operated upon by the demon were wont to attribute the cause to the visitation of some plague, believing an evil spirit was driving the dogs in front of the trolley. This belief was dispelled, however, when, after the electricity had been shut off and transportation was over for the night, a series of yelps would ring out on the still air. When the head of some family would rush down stairs and open the front door to ascertain the nature of the outery, downcast and bereft of tail the family dog would enter the house loudly bewaiting its fale.

Then complaints came in thick and fast to the Deering street station, and a detachment of police was put on the trail of the flend.

There is only one dog in that locality now that can beast of a tail, and if it had not been chained to a post during last week "Jack the Dog-tail Cutter" would probably have lost a part of his anatomy, as he is supposed to have made an unsuccessful attempt to serve the chained brute as he had served other dogs.

The dog in question is a huge and bloodthirsty building which has acted for some time past as a cort of civic federation, and through its vigilance the neighborhood has gained but as a safter of the flend the most extasy, as they were the first to fall before the tinners' shears, and a more sorrowful set of females than that while flesh the flend the most extasy, as they were the first to fall before the tinners' shears,

HOW THEY SAW CITY LIFE.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF MRS. HAM-ILTON AND MR. ST. LAWRENCE.

What They Observed and What They Did in a Broadway Restaurant Some Things Which Are Not Enumerated in a Madison County Unbelowing - Surprises for Two People Coming from Up the State. Did you ever notice the number of persons rou meet on the streets or in the hotels and

restaurants of this town who might just as well be wearing badges stating explicitly that they had come to town to see what it was like? There is a restaurant in Broadway in the theatre district which has a reputation as a show place of Tenderloin life. It is a very respectable place, but if you go there about midnight you are likely to see some "soubrettes." something about the word soubrette which makes a good many of the people from up the State catch their breath when they hear it. It produces a delightful little fluttering sensation about the hearts of the good honest rangers, and they act as if they thought they were dreadfully but nevertheless delightfully wicked. So when these people come to town you are quite likely to see them drifting into this restaurant to see life.

One night last week two such parties sat at ad acent tables in the rear of the restaurant. One party consisted of two women and a man, and the other of a fine gray-haired old fellow who looked as if he might have come from St. Lawrence county, and six young fellows, three of whom were manifestly New Yorkers. Of the first party the man and one woman were New Yorkers. They were showing the town to the second woman, as the three young felows were showing it to the old man and the other three boys. 'Along the rear wall of the one big room of the restaurant three tables are placed. The tables are arranged in rows down the room, so that there are two alsles. The first of these two parties sat at the middle of the three end tables, the women at the sides, and the man at the end. At the table behind the New York woman sat a florid-faced, heavyset man whose hair and moustache are snow white. He is a well-known figure along Broadway, and has hosts of friends among theatrical folk. With him was an extremely pretty and decidedly gay "soubrette." Her fingers were covered with rings, the stones of

theatrical folk. With him was an extremely pretty and decidedly gay "soubrette." Her fingers were covered with rings, the stones of which flashed in the bright light as she moved her hands so that Mr. St. Lawrence nearly lost his eyes, they bulked out so far. At the table back of the other woman in the first party sat another couple, frequenters of this restaurant. They were both ver quiet and quietly dressed. They go there nearly every night for supper, and they make a business of getting it and getting out. Both are appearing at one of the best-known theatres in town. The walls of this restaurant are lined with mirrors, and the woman from up the Stateshe looked as if she had come from Hamilton-was so busy watching the soubrette and the actress that she could hardly pay attention to her own supper. There were so many in the party of men that one table would not seat them all, so two tables of the row next to the end ones were placed togsther, end to end, and along the sides of this improvised extension table the siz young fellows ranged themselves. Mr. St. Lawrence they placed at the end. The tables were placed length rise across the room, an arrangement which brought Mr. St. Lawrence squarely into the middle of the asis which was used by the waiters in serving the people at the end tables. The other asis was cut off by the long table.

Mrs. Hamilton, at the middle end table, enjoyed the whole thing immensely. She was so thoroughly conscious of the delightful riskiness of the proceeding, from the viewpoint of the Hamilton Baptists, among whom she was reckoned a stalwart, that she persuaded herself to sniff at a little bottle of red wine which the gentleman and the other lady assured her was perfectly harmless and very light claret. The name dhin't signify anything to her, but the spice of wickedness, and that was what she wanted. Even her hard-shell upbringing had not affected her palate, and she was surprised to find that the claret was really good. To have been properly wicked, in the was finded her of lost

what she had onle was no pleasing that her curlosity as to things unbrude was excited, and when the halred man and the bejewelled soulvette, she was for trying one.

Now a pousee cafe, as every one knows, is a very different concection from a simple glass of light claret. Heckoned in degrees its latent energy runs considerably higher up the standard scale. But rightly contrived, it is a thing of beauty, and it is not surprising that it should have attracted the eye of Mrs. Hamilton. There are those probably who will contend that the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training to his party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the man in this party was false to his training the false the false the false the man in this party was false to his training to his false the false the man in this party was false to his training to his false the false the

so. Mr. St. Lawrence was twisted hair around, and, with his hands on the back of his chair, was gaing down the room at the retreating soubrette. Over her right arm the actress carried a little jacket. There was not much room to get by Mr. St. Lawrence, and the jacket brushed his head. Its folds fell just right so that the open pocket caught over his left ear, and as the actress passed quickly by she gave the up-country man a yank which might have reminded him of his school days.

The first tweak had surprised him out of the power of speech, the second almost paralyzed him. He faced around in his chair again to look at the young fellows with him, who were making poor show of trying to hide their amusement. Just as he was about to speak a walter came streaking up the alsle with a heavy tray bearing the last of the supper for Mrs. Hamilton's party. The tray was big and the walter held it well in front of him. There was little room, and perhaps he didn't see that Mr. St. Lawrence was sitting with his head thrown well back. Perhams he had seen the other things, and did not care. He caught till y and nearly sent the whole business smashing on the floor. It staggered the walter, but if finished Mr. St. Lawrence. A pained expression came over his face and he jumped up with an emphatic:

"Well, I'm damned!"

The boys had not finished their supper, but the old fellow declared that he had seen enough. He was for home and a place where they let man eat in peace, and, by thunder, he was going there. And he started out as if he meant to walk the whole distance that night. Various sorts of life are on view at this restaurant, and it is not always the citined phases that are most amusing.

A BROOKLYN POLICE COMEDY.

Two Officers at a Side Door While Two Others Chased Some Lawbreakers.

An odd little comedy was enacted in a pror nent public place in Brooklyn between midnight and daylight one morning recently before three chance s, ectators. The spectators were content to be highly amused without taking part in what was, perhaps, a perform ance open to any one to join in.

two streets come together in a public square. The corner where the two streets meet is occupied by a big saloon, which has a side door on each of the two streets.

As the three spectators approached the corper from across the square they saw in the hadow of the side door on the street to the left two policemen snuggling up against the lintels in an expectant attitude. It wasn't any thought of a raid under the prodding poltoy of the temperance folk, recently inaugurated, that caused the spectators to slacken their pace, but just simple instinct. In a few seconds the side door opened, a white-aproped bartender emerged, and the two policemen each reached for something and blow the froth off it. Then the speciators passed on. The incident was trivial, and not unusual.

As they turned round the corner into the further of the streets there was a sound of further of the streets there was a sound of hurried footfalls, and a policeman raced by at full speed across the square. As he ran, three figures emerged from a side street lower down and raced diagonally across the open place ahead of the running policeman, in an evident effort to gain the maze of dark side streets on the opposite side of the square. In their course they ran partly toward the street where the two policemen had, a moment before, been blowing the froth off something. Down the street along which the policeman had raced came, a few seconds behind him, a police Sergeant. He was following at a gentle trot, with the intent of being in at the death if the runner caught his prey.

Instinctively the three spectators moved back along the corner to the street where they had seen the two policemen in the shadow of the doorway. The pair were wiping their mouths, and a few seconds later they moved away leisurely up the street, away from the direction in which the flying con could be discerned, now at the further side of the open place, still in pursuit of his prey. The Sergeant halted on the corner, not thirty feet from the policemen at the side door, round the corner, to wait developments. In a little while the policeman who had been sprinting came slowly back, winded and without the objects of his chase.

Then the Sergeant and the sprinter policeman walked slowly back from the cerner up the street to the right down which they had come, and the three spectators turned and saw the other pair of policemen wending their satisfied way slowly up the other street to the left. The streets diverge at an acute angle, and the three spectators chuckled as they watched the two pairs of police guardians strolling slowly up on the street to the left. The streets diverge at an acute angle, and the three spectators chuckled as they watched the two pairs of police guardians strolling slow-then caught. It would have been case to head them off. Again, if the Sergeant had walked a few steps further and turned the corner, somet hurried footfalls, and a policeman raced by at full speed across the square. As he ran, three

THE COOL EXPRESS DRIVER. Brief Details of His Meeting with a

No doubt the drivers of the big express wagons are among the best in the street; and then their teams and their wagons are heavy enough so that they can hold their own with pretty much anything that roils. The cable car has come in, to be sure, with its increased propulsive power, but the cable car does not cause the express driver to abate by a single jot his confidence in his ability to drive.

Now here was a cable car going up Broadway and an expressiman with a fine team and a big wagon coming out of a cross street from the east and bound down Broadway. Some drivers would have waited for the cable car to pass; but not the express driver. He calculated the speed of the car and the distance, and went ahead at his own steady gait neross the cable car's bows. It seemed as if he would pass by a hair's breadth, but he missed it by about that much; car and wagon came together just as they were passing.

The expressman kept right along as if nothing had happened, but the gripman set his brake wheel and looked after the wagon. He was interested to know what damage had been done, but the driver never even looked back; he knew his wagon in every fibreaxle, spoke, and fellow-how much shock it would stand, and he knew he wasn't hurt; and he simply drove calmiy on. Then the gripman pretty much anything that rolls. The cable car

he simply drove calmly on. Then the gripman set his grip and went on himself.



## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the W transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs. promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is conveying a case of the system of the everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beacheial who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase that you have the genuine article. chase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health,

and the system is regular, then inxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely med and gives most general satisfaction.

HIS NIGHT WITH BURGLARS

DIDN'T SEE THEM, BUT TRACED

ALL THEIR DOINGS BY SOUND. What He Thought as He Heard Them Breaking and Entering and Doing Just What All Well-regulated Burglars Do.

From the San Francisco Call. If there are those inclined to doubt the probability of the following story, told to me as the truth by an eminent and trustworthy gentle-man of San Francisco, they have yet to learn and comprehend some of the most vital things of life. He said to me:

A few summers ago my family left town to spend some weeks in the country. I gave the servants a vacation and arranged to stay alone at my house. For a change I had a bed placed in the drawing room, which was in the front of the house, on the lower floor. On one side of this room was the vestibule, into which the outer door opened, and on the other an exterior passage which opened upon the street through a gate, and which ran back slongside the house to the rear of the prem-ises. It was paved with boards, some of which had worn slightly loose. The gate was closed with an ordinary lift latch. We had lived in the house for a number of years, but I had never slept in that room before. The front of the room was taken up with a bay window, which was furnished on the inside with ordinary slas blinds. My bed was placed at the opposite end of the room, against the sliding doors. I had arranged to take my meals down town. On the first evening of my solitary occupancy I re-turned to the house shortly after dinner and read in my improvised bedroom till 10 o'clock. Then I pulled down one of the upper sashes closed the blinds, and went to bed. Ordinarily I would fall quickly asleep on re-

tiring, but the novelty of my position, and perhaps some business anxieties, kept me awake for an hour or two. This worried me and made me nervous. The stillness of midnight came on, but still I remained awake. It was while I was lying in this state that I heard the latch of the gate opening into the side passage cautiously leaving the gate open, and then footfalls proceedof the house, causing a loose board here and there to squeak. I listened with the most eager and strained alertness, for my immediate conclusion was that a burglar, perhaps having observed the departure of the family and assumed that the house had been tempo-rarily deserted, had come to plunder the the securely barred door opening from the rear porch upon the passage, A lattice exj

tomber forms the boxes of the profession of the upper. Without moving I heard the intruder showly but nimbly scale the lattice and step upper. Without moving I heard the intruder showly but nimbly scale the lattice and step upper. Without moving and begin to worked upon this morch, and I was curious to note which the burglar would attack, and began to workery. I heard the sach lock snap under the pressure of his cold chain. After a passe he stepped into my wife's room, and, although I knew that she had provided classwhere for the safe care of things which a burglar might think worthy the lock of the same that there must have been left a number of things which a burglar might think worthy the lock of the same that the sam